worth a try, he said as he handed me the cell-phone. Hold this anyway, he added. As opposed to his cock, I thought he meant.

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Sometimes Adam was just a jerk. He'd take the cigs I was always buying him and stuffing in his "Roots" bag and hand them out to everybody like he thought he was J.P. Fucking Morgan. But he wouldn't give me a good handshake. Not after I said I was gay.

I remember just before Christmas vacation, his last. We were standing together on the front porch before he left for the holidays. He was very unhappy. He didn't like Christmas because it was so "commercial," or maybe he never got cha-cha heals. He was broke - I knew, because I was buying him his cigarettes, and he was desperate enough to let me. He said he really appreciated it, every time he went over to his "Roots" bag and looked in and, lo, there was another carton - but he felt so bad, because he'd never be able to pay me back. I see why, now.

The manager had already said good-bye. She had taken Adam's hand, then mine, and gone to her crummy apartment building around the corner. She didn't care one way or another about Christmas. Adam suddenly offered me his hand to shake. He hadn't done that since the first time I